Henceforth regardleſs in the martial Field
Who beſt the War can wage, or Sword can wield;
No *Britiſh* Blood ſhall hence its Verdure ſtain,
No BRITONS lie a *Carnage* on the Plain;
Britannia's Fleet ſhall give *Britannia*'s Law,
Chaſtiſe the *Proud*, and keep the *World* in Awe;
Secure again the *Freedom* of the Seas,
With all the *Homage* of our former Days;
While o'er the Tide our *Merchants* trade afar,
And *Nations* tremble at a *Naval War*.

F I N I S.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

GRINSTED

BALLAD.

To the Tune of —— Packington's Pound.

LONDON:
Printed for S. *Freeman* near *Charing-Cross*. 1750.
(Price Six-Pence.)

THE

GRINSTED

BALLAD.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

GRINSTED

BALLAD.

LONG Time, by Court Tricks, had poor *Grinſted* been charm'd,
Had turn'd out her Friends, and admitted her Foes,
'Till a late bold Attempt the People alarm'd,
And *S——h* was choſe out theſe foul Tricks to oppoſe.
At this happy Choice
With one common Voice,
Like us, Men of *Suſſex*, exult and rejoice,
For *Grinſted*'s determin'd her Rights to maintain,
And will uncorrupt, and untainted remain.

II.

What Praiſe, Brother Burghers, to us will redound,
In this ſo degenerate, profligate Age,
The firſt among *Britons* if we ſhould be found,
Who have dar'd with Corruption dire Battle to wage?
Then boldly begin,
And you will ſoon bring
To Confuſion, theſe Tyrants of People and King.
For *Grinſted*, ſtill loyal, her Rights will maintain,
And will uncorrupt, and untainted remain.

By Arts miniſterial and plauſible Lies,
To force in a Stranger is now their Intent;
But I hope for the C——r you'll be too wiſe,
And oppoſe, for his own Sake, my L—d P——t:
For there is no Doubt,
Should they trick you this Bout,
And once get in *Y—k*, you will ne'er get him out,
'Till *Grinſted* no more will have Rights to maintain,
And ſhe muſt, tho' unwillingly, tainted remain.

IV.

Of the Frogs in the Fable remember the Fate,
Who fooliſhly call'd in a ſtrange unknown Pow'r;
They repented indeed, but O 'twas too late,
When they found he came not to protect, but devour.
Then draw t'other Cork,
Drink *S——h* againſt *Y—k*,
He'll baffle King Log, and he'll keep out King Stork;
For *Grinſted*'s determin'd her Rights to maintain,
And will uncorrupt, and untainted remain.

V.

With ſuch Oppoſition, as glorious as this,
In every Place meet may the whole venal Throng;
May God give our Candidate long Life and Bliſs,
And ever in *Grinſted* may this be the Song:
Fr—k Gr—n and *S—k B—e*,
Your Tricks wont avail,
And your puff'd younger Brother ſhall here ne'er prevail.
One *Sackville* we have who our Rights will maintain,
And, himſelf uncorrupt, will ſee us ſo remain.

F I N I S.